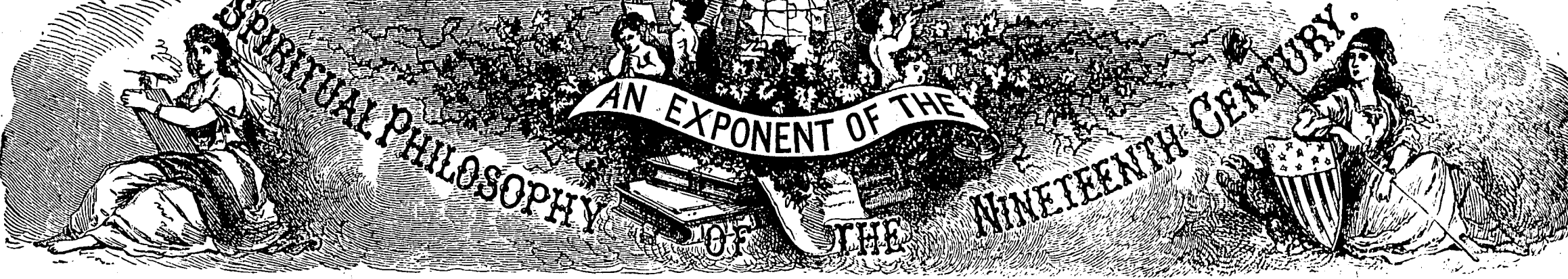


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Biographical.

MRS. FRANCES H. GREEN M'DOUGALL.

BY S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The removal of this noble woman from the field of her earthly labors is an event that calls for something more than a passing notice from the American press. It is seldom we have occasion to record the departure of one so distinguished for independent thought, eminent ability as a writer of both prose and verse, and for all the gentle and ennobling attributes and qualities which at once refine, exalt, and dignify human nature. Her example is a mild reproach and a strong incentive to the weak and irresolute; at the same time it is a severe rebuke to the indolent and the unworthy. With a disposition admirably tempered by thorough culture and mature reflection, a loving and hopeful philosophy of life—softened and sweetened by every tender affection—she was yet invincible in her resistance of every form of evil. With a sympathetic spirit that listened with tearful emotion to every tale of suffering, she combined a supreme love of justice and humanity, and an intense hatred of oppression and cruelty, rendering her firm and forcible as she was gentle and forgiving. For the honors superstitions of the past, and the gigantic wrongs of the world—for all tyranny and tyrants—Genius had placed in her hands the scourge of Nemesis. At the same time she was an earnest and true Reformer, in whom the stern virtues of the Puritan were charmingly modified by every womanly grace and the divinest charity. I may not hope to do justice to such a character within the limits of this article, but I must reverently pay my humble tribute to her memory.

Mrs. M'Dougall was born in Smithfield, R. I., about the year 1805. She was the daughter of Mr. George Whipple, and her ancestors were among the early settlers and most distinguished families in the State. While at a tender age her father, by a series of misfortunes, was reduced to poverty, and the little blue-eyed Fanny was left to support herself by her own industry, and to depend on such means of improvement as the common school and occasional hours at home. She labored and studied early and late, with a cheerful and hopeful spirit, always making the most of her limited opportunities. Her rare natural endowments soon became apparent to all intelligent observers. More conspicuous than the retentive memory, which enabled her to grasp the principles and details of whatever she read, were the illustrations of that creative power which is the distinguishing characteristic of genius. The first fruits of her prolific mind were short poems, in which she displayed a delicate sense of beauty and harmony; and as early as 1830 she attracted public attention by her poetic contributions to the papers in her native State.

Miss Whipple's first venture in the shape of a book was the life of Eleanor Elbridge, a colored woman. It was a great success, more than thirty thousand copies having been sold. Her strong interest in the laboring classes determined at once the subject and object of her next volume, "The Mechanic," which appeared in 1841. This book was extensively noticed by the New England press, and highly complimented by Mr. Brownson, in the *Boston Quarterly Review*. In the same year she contributed to the Rhode Island Book a poem entitled, "The Dwarf's Story," a gloomy conception, embodied in a composition revealing great depth of passion and power of expression. In 1842 she edited and published the *Wampanoag*, a journal devoted to the interests of labor, and the special improvement of the people engaged in the productive industries of the country. "Might and Right" followed in 1844. It was a history of the origin, and a discussion of the facts and circumstances, of the attempt at revolution in Rhode Island known as the Dorr Insurrection. She subsequently contributed to many periodicals on subjects commanding the wide range of polite literature, popular science, and constructive art. Among these various contributions to the press—in which she displayed an unrivaled versatility—we recall her papers in *The Nineteenth Century*, an elegant quarterly magazine conducted by Charles Chauncy Burr.

In December, 1847, *The Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher* was started at New York by an association, under the editorial management of the present writer. The new journal was devoted to a spiritual rationalism; a philo-

sophical exposition of the psychological phenomena of all ages, and the application of natural principles to the relations and interests of individual and social life. It was a phenomenon in journalistic literature, and its appearance occasioned a sensation. Mrs. M'Dougall, then Mrs. Green, became one of the largest and most important contributors to the new paper. She was deeply interested in the enterprise, and at once sought a home in the editor's family, where she remained for several years in the most intimate and friendly relations. She was never weary in serving others; and during all that period she never, by so much as a word carelessly spoken, disturbed the social harmony, or otherwise diminished the respect and love with which she was regarded by every member of the household.

Mrs. Green wrote with great freedom of thought and diction, and was neither limited in her themes nor the method of their treatment. When the subject involved important principles; when it took hold of great human interests; or presented poetic aspects, she was often truly inspired. Her mind was full of light, and her pen became a tongue of fire, illuminating whatever it touched. Sometimes a mere question—like the rod that smote the rock in the wilderness—seemed to strike the living fountain of her inspiration. Now and then, a single remark would produce an effect as instantaneous as the falling of a spark into a magazine. We have a remarkable instance of this in the production of her "Song of the North Wind," a poem of about one hundred and fifty lines, in which the force of strong words and the whole metrical movement suggests the blasts of polar skies and the grand march of the tornado. This poem was composed one evening early in March, 1848. The writer of this had just returned from his office at the close of the day. It was a cold night, and the wind was blowing a gale from the north. On entering the door I met Mrs. Green, whom I thus addressed: "Well, Fanny, the Spirit of the North Wind is having a grand rehearsal to-night. The rhythmic movement is rapid and powerful, and the music full of startling crescendos." Starting suddenly, as if moved by an electric shock, she made no reply, but rushing up stairs, disappeared. In an hour and a half she returned with the poem complete and ready for the press. My observation, made without premeditation, suggested the theme, and instantly the invisible powers of the air swept over her soul, waking the strings of her lyre to the stately numbers of this boreal march. It was no "ill wind" that produced such a result; it was rather a divine afflatus, that gave to the inspired poet a power of expression, majestic and free as the wild blasts which cradled her Muse. Boreas rehearses his victories on land and sea. I will here extract portions of this grand anthem:

### SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

From the home of Thor, and the hand of Hun,  
Where the valiant frost-kings dwell the sun,  
I'll he, like a coward, slink away  
With the spectral glare of his meagre day—  
And throned in beauty, peerless night,  
In her robe of snow and her crown of light,  
Sits queenlike on her icy throne,  
With frost-diamonds in her curly zone—  
And the fair Aurora, floating free,  
Round her form of matchless symmetry—  
An iris'd mantle of roseate hue,  
With the gold and hyacinth melting through;  
And from her forehead, beaming far,  
Looks forth her own true polar star.

From the land we love—our native home—  
One mission of wrath, we come, we come:  
Away, away, over earth and sea!  
Unchained and chainless, we are free!  
As we fly, our strong wings gather force,  
To rush on our overwhelming course:  
We have swept the mountain and walked the main,  
And now, in our strength, we are here again:  
To beguile the stay of this wintry hour,  
We are chanting our anthem of pride and power:  
And the listening earth turns deadly pale—  
Like a sheeted corpse, the silent vale  
Looks forth in its robe of ghastly white,  
As we now rehearse our deeds of might.

The strongest of God's sons are we—  
Unchained and chainless, ever free!  
We have looked on Hecla's burning brow,  
And seen the pines of Norland bow  
In cadence to our deafening roar;  
On the craggy steep of the Arctic shore;  
We have walked with the mad whirlwind's whirling flood,  
And curbed the current of human blood,  
As nearer, nearer, nearer drew  
The struggling bark to the boiling blue—  
Till, resistless, urged to the cold death-clasp,  
It writhes in the hideous monster's grasp  
A moment—and then the fragments go  
Down, down to the fearful depths below!

But away, away, over land and sea,  
Unchained and chainless, we are free!  
We have startled the pulsing avalanche,  
And seen the cheek of the mountain blanch,  
As down the giant Ruhn came,  
With a step of wrath and an eye of flame;  
Hurled destruction, death and we  
On all around and all below,  
Till the piling rocks and the prostrate wood  
Conceal the spot where the village stood;  
And the choking waters vainly try  
From their strong prison-hold to fly  
We haste away, for our breath is rife  
With the groans of expiring human life!  
Of that hour of horror we only may tell—  
As we chant the dirge and we ring the knell;  
Away, away, over land and sea,  
Unchained and chainless—we are free!

Old Neptune we call from his ocean caves,  
When for pasture we dance on the crest of waves;  
And we heap the struggling billows high  
Against the deep gloom of the sky;  
Then we plunge in the yawning depth beneath,  
And there on the heaving surge beneath,  
Till they toss the proud ship like a feather,  
And Light and Hope expire together;  
And the bravest cheek turns deadly pale  
At the cracking mast and the rending sail,  
As down, with headlong fury borne,  
On all strength and honors shorn,  
The good ship struggles to the last  
With the raging waters and howling blast!  
We hurry the waves to their final crash,  
And the foaming floods to frenzy lash;  
Then we pour our requiem on the billow,

As the dead go down to their ocean pillow—  
Down—far down—to the depths below,  
Where the pearls repose and the sea-gems glow;  
Mid the coral groves, where the sea-fan waves  
Its palmy wand o'er a thousand graves;  
And the lucet weaves her story shroud  
Alks o'er the humble and the proud;  
What can be brighter than we free!  
The strong, the chainless, ever free!

Among Mrs. Green M'Dougall's prose contributions to the *Universalist* were stirring papers especially addressed to her own sex, in which she exposes the superficial character of American female education, and uncovers the vain and false motives that influence the lives of many women. She strips the soft draperies of fashionable indolence from those who wear them, and reveals the scars of pride left when it rified the bosom of its divine affection. She severely chastises the bejeweled fair ones who either coldly turn away from the fallen sister, or remorselessly trample on every poor unfortunate whose name is woman. We select the following passage from an article on Literary Women:

"Let us pay less attention to external decoration, seeking rather that 'inward adorning of the mind' which gives to woman her true beauty, and that intellectual vigor which imparts her real strength. A wrong motive is still left at the root of female education, and its present consequences are quite deplorable. The same motive which softens down the graces and the smiles of our young ladies into a burlesque of all that is natural, bends the knee of the bright-eyed Georgian, in the seraglio of the Sultan, and points the electric glances of the fair Circassian; and I know not that the principle has higher dignity here than there. Do not misunderstand me. I neither condemn the wish to please, nor quarrel with the art or the power of pleasing; for both are natural, and therefore right. I only deprecate the motive and the power which make paramount to and overruling of all other and higher incentives to action. Let us not waste time by idly talking of our rights or our capabilities, but put the whole matter directly to the testing process, by commencing, each one of us, the work of self-elevation."

Mrs. M'Dougall's example was not less impressive than her speech. She practiced her principles with a blameless integrity. She regarded life as a serious matter, and never treated its interests and responsibilities lightly. The following extract will suffice to indicate the earnest manner in which she was accustomed to treat fashionable women:

"Ask for the definition of the word Lady, and you are answered, 'It is a female who, being placed wholly above the necessity of labor herself, may command the labor and services of others. What a dignity is here coveted! No less than that of complete uselessness. Now in these cases the greatest danger is not in mere idleness, but the natural activity of the mind may cause its development in wrong directions. Surely very little moral consistency or dignity of character could be expected of one to whom the highest motive for excellence is to get a husband and a fine establishment! . . . To this end our young ladies are taught all that can fascinate—all that can charm the senses. They must dance gracefully, and glide more voluptuously through the spiral mazes of the waltz. The fair rounded arm makes a fine contrast with the dark rosewood of the glided harp; and the belle must learn to murmur her Italian love sonnets with a more liquid and tender enunciation. The advantages derived from these superficial graces and accomplishments are soon discovered by their possessor as well as by her less fortunate companions. Even before she has left the nursery the theme of her beauty and probable conquests is rife in the mouth of every friend and visitor of the family. She will certainly make a great sensation in 'coming out'; and all her hopes, all her dreams, all her efforts, point to this as the Rubicon of life.

Strength and self-reliance are supposed to be incompatible with the fascinations of fashion. Whether physical or mental power is implied, it is not presumed to be the attribute of a lady. This woman is made the mere parasite of man. She loses her own identity. In a vast majority of cases—in fact almost universally—she becomes hardly conscious of a self-dependent existence. She is made the mere appendage of her father, her husband, or her brothers. We have heard the story of a young lady, tender, graceful, and clinging for support around Man, the lordly, majestic one, until woman absolutely forgets that she is invested with the power to stand alone, if need be, endowed by Nature with all the physical, mental and moral energies of a self-dependent and self-accountable being."

In the interest of Abandoned Women, Mrs. M'Dougall's plea is eloquent and powerful. She appeals to a numerous class of her own sex in a manner which must cover many a fair cheek with a blush of shame, while she applies something like a lash of scorpions to the shameless authors of their ruin. The following will illustrate the spirit of the whole:

"For the honor of the sex, for the holy love of Virtue, for the crimson blush of shame, let it no longer be said that Woman, by natural disgrace of a single wrong inexcusable, shuts out the female sinner from all hope of reformation, while at the same time she takes the libertine, upon whose guilty soul is wrought the crimson stain of that victim's first crime, into the sacred confidence of her bosom friendship! Let it not be said that the personal sanctity of woman is sullied by the slightest contact with the vicious of her own sex, while it receives no blessing from the closest union with the vile and profligate of the other. Let us hear no more that pious and holy women—tract distributors, leaders of classes and prayer meetings, and members of benevolent associations—come into our churches flaunting in the garments from the making of which their own criminal vanity and covetousness has abstracted the price of virtue! Then and there to strike hands with the destroyer! Such women are accomplices in his crime. They may envelop themselves in the robes of ten-fold sanctity, but through all the dark plague-spots will appear, the crimson stains of immodest Purity, the martyred Life, that was folded in every plait and wrought in every seam! Let Woman interpose the majesty of her Medusan shield, not to terrify but to protect the fallen, and let her transfer her smiles and favors from the seducer to his victim.

But there is a better feeling in regard to this subject springing to life among us: thanks to the sainted Thomas Hood for his 'Bridge of

Sighs,' and his 'Song of the Shirt,' which have wakened tender and mournful echoes, now thrilling millions of bosoms, which, but for those sad strains, might never have known the wrong. Thanks to Eugene Sue, who has given us such vivid portraits of individuals of this class. Through these we get nearer to the human heart than the thrilling in their great anguish, deep-seated below the wreck of virtue, and the broken fragments of happiness and hope. Does not the image of the gentle and tender FLATTE DE MARIE stand out amid the depths of prostitution and blackest crime, to rebuke with its angelic sweetness the doubt that there may be good—even there? Does it not invest the whole sisterhood with a kind of sanctity—the sanctity of human nature—the sanctity of Womanhood—which, however low its possessor may have fallen—however guilty she may be—is still divine?"

In 1848-9 Mrs. M'Dougall and the present writer were associated in the editorial management of the *Young People's Journal*, a monthly magazine designed to popularize Science, Literature and Art. To this work she was the largest contributor. While thus employed, three cantos of her *Nanumtenuo*, a Legend of the Narragansett, were published in Philadelphia. This poem is every way remarkable. It exhibits the fruits of a careful study of the Indian character; a strong and intimate sympathy with Nature; a quick and accurate perception of the elements of beauty and the laws of poetic expression; great allience of thought and speech; at the same time it reveals a strong imagination, and powers of description which determine her place in the front rank of American poets. I can best justify this opinion by extracting a passage from the poem.

### A SUMMER NOON IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Stillness of summer morn—over hill,  
And deep overhanging wood, and creek, and stream,  
Spread forth her downy pinions, scattering sleep  
Upon the drooping boughs of the air.  
No wind breathed through the forest, that could stir  
The lightest foliage. If a rustling sound  
Escaped the trees, it might be nestling bird,  
Or the softest leaves were turning back  
To their own natural places, whence the wind  
Of the last hour had flung them. From afar  
Came the deep roar of waters, yet subdued  
To a melodious murmur, like the chant  
Of maidens, as they take their morning rest.  
A tremulous motion stirred the fragrant hay,  
And from their stilled stems an utterance came,  
So delicate and spirit-like, it seemed  
The soul of music breathed, without a voice.  
The anemone bent low her drooping head,  
Mourning the absence of her true love,  
Till the soft languor closed her sleepy eye,  
A dream of youth from the fragrant south,  
Coming to wake her with renewed life.  
The eggplant breathed perfume; and the rose  
Cherished her reddening buds, that drank the light,  
Fair as the vermillion on the cheek of Hope.  
Where'er in sheltered nook or quiet dell,  
The waters, like enamored lovers, found  
A thousand sweet excuses for delay.  
The clustering lilies bloomed upon their breast,  
Love tokens of the maidens, when they came  
To trill with the deep, impassioned waves,  
The wild bee, hovering on voluptuous wing,  
Saw murmured to the blossom, drawing thence  
Simmer with honey; then in the purpling cup,  
As if oppressed with sweetness, sank to sleep.  
The wood-dove tenderly caressed his mate;  
Each birded within the other's dreamy eyes,  
Till outward objects melted into dreams.  
The rich vermilion of the tanager,  
Or summer red-tail, if he had said the green,  
Lured rubies set in richest enamel.  
On some tall maple sat the oriole,  
In black and orange, by his pendant nest,  
To cheer his brooding mate with whispered song;  
While high amid the loftiest hickory  
Perched the homelike jay, his turquoise crest  
Low drooping, as he played his shining coat,  
Rich with the changeable blue of Nazareth.  
And higher yet, upon a towering pine,  
Stood the fierce hawk, half-slumbering, half-awake,  
His keen eye flickering in his dark unrest,  
As if he sought for plunder in his dreams."

Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, in his "Female Poets of America," pays a high tribute to the genius of Mrs. Green M'Dougall. I extract a paragraph in which he expresses his judgment of the poem under review:

"This is a work of decided and various merit. . . . In 'Nanumtenuo' are shown descriptive powers scarcely inferior to those of Bryant and Carlos Wilcox, who have been most successful in painting the grand, beautiful, and peculiar scenery of New England. The rhythm is harmonious, and the style generally elegant and poetically ornate. . . . It is a production that will greatly attract attention by the richness of its fancy, the justness of its reflection, and its dramatic interest."

From the year 1852 to 1874, Mrs. M'Dougall was a highly valued contributor to the pages of the *Shelburne*, a spiritual magazine, edited and published by the present writer. In the first volume of that work will be found her "Time and the Ages," one of her finest poems. The subject is treated in an eminently original and effective manner. With a rushing sound, as of great pinions snatching the still air, until silence became voiceful, Time—in the character of a venerable sage—appears, mounted on

Boys by six eagles, black as Erebus,  
The stately form, the lofty mien, and benign expression of the Sage, are described with remarkable force and poetic effect. His face, which bears the stamp of sovereignty, radiates the light of all ages.

"On that brow  
Were the deep traces of all human thought,  
Where every feature seemed a history  
Of human disappointments, sorrows, joys,  
Affections, hopes, and passions infinite."  
Of all the daughters of Time, only the Present Age remains; and she is clothed with all the beauty and glory of the past. Reclining on the massive breast of the Father of all the Ages, she questions him:

"Oh, bless me, gentle Father, with the love  
My heart so long hath yearned for—of the Dead:  
Speak of my Sifters, that are sleeping still  
In the deep tomb of Ages. With a smile  
That passed o'er her stern features, leaving there  
A trace of fairest sunshine, he embraced  
The gentle creature with one massive arm,

And in the fulness of his love replied:  
"The dead, sayest thou, my child? There are no dead,  
His voice woke, surging, like the distant sea  
Pouring its strong bass through some pearly cave,  
That softened, while it deepened, the rich tones.  
My children! It is true they all have gone—  
All gone, but they are not lost and lovedest one!  
Singly they came; singly they all departed;  
And when their work was done, lay down to sleep;  
But never one hath died. Time, forms may change,  
But spirit is immortal."  
Darkness and death are but residuum—  
The grosser portion of all human life.  
Thought, struggles, passions, labors, and desires—  
Whence the ethereal essence hath burst out—  
The ashes of the Past. Yet even this  
Hath made soil for the Future. Not one trace  
Of life can ever perish. All changes  
Of Mind and Matter, every ray of light,  
All hope, all faith, all action, and all thought,  
That has straitly within itself,  
Lives for a fellowship with purer light—  
With better action, thought, and hope, and faith—  
Lives with an ever-concentrating power,  
Which, as it strengthens, reaches outwardward."

Time evokes the spirits of the Ages, and they reappear. The Pastoral Age is represented, and the birth of Poetry and Music illustrated. The Muse inspires the songs of the Shepherd, Minstrels. Of these we can only make room for two stanzas, from a

### SONG OF THE MINSTREL MAIDEN.

Gopak the Siva, and a Siva the Siva,  
What an idyllic dream, and points the blue;  
Said, if the spirit dwelleth there,  
A voice comes, adding through the air,  
"To only I, the numismatic, 'Thee'!"  
Question the Spirit in his breast,  
That waking, sleeping, never hath rest,  
It hath answers for our higher,  
Thrilling as with a tongue of fire—  
Shouts joy for Echo, 'Hither! Hither!'"

Among the works which illustrate Mrs. M'Dougall's scholarly attainments is an excellent class-book in Botany. She had been a faithful student of the science all her life, and her treatise was highly appreciated by eminent judges of its merits. From 1857 to 1859 she was a frequent contributor to the *Spiritual Age*, during that period she gave to the public, through the press of Thatcher and Hutcheson, a book of six hundred pages, entitled, "Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom; or, the Branded Hand," translated from the original Shoviah, and edited by an American Citizen. As will be inferred from the title, the work was written in the interest of the anti-slavery cause. The essential facts in the story of Shahmah, as told in the brief historical sketch by the translator, may interest the reader. He is represented as belonging to the "Kabyles, a tribe inhabiting the high regions among the mountains of Algiers. Amid all the revolutions that have overrun and depopulated the surrounding countries, sowing the borders of sea and desert with the ruins of ages, they have still maintained themselves in their strong fastnesses, a race of unconquered freemen."

Shahmah Shah was the son of the Chief of his tribe. In early childhood he was taken captive, and for years lived as a slave among the Algerines, and subsequently as a serf in Bohemia. Having purchased his liberty, he returns to his native freedom among the mountains. At length, by the death of his father, he becomes Chief of the Kabyles. But he is dissatisfied. He wants more knowledge and a higher freedom. He is at once a philosopher and a philanthropist, and withal highly religious after the manner of his people. Having graduated from the highest school in his country, he makes the pilgrimage of the Holy Sepulchre, and then visits the famous Khadba, the pantheon of Mecca. He conceives the idea of a higher life and a nobler freedom than he can ever hope to actualize among the rude people of his tribe. He resolves to find the superior liberty which forms the subject of all his day-dreams. He has heard of the United States, and is assured that he will there find the practical form of his ideal conception. He comes to this country, landing at New Orleans, where he commences his observations. He visits different places in the hope of finding the object of his search. On the contrary, side by side he finds the Christian's church and the slave-market. In one, Jesus, the friend of the poor, is worshipped; and in the other, avarice and the auctioneer separate husbands and wives, and parents and children. Things are fearfully mixed. Hemp and the hangedman, the gallows and the cross, are expressive symbols of the national institutions. The prayer-meeting and the whipping post are presumed to be equally necessary to the glory of God and the welfare of his people. He finds that the marriage covenant is a cruel fiction; and that young womanhood is shamelessly desecrated is a fact that finds the form and color of its demonstration in the commingling blood of the races. The pursuit of freedom is vain. Shahmah finds nothing in the social life of the great Republic to illustrate his ideas.

The book consists of a series of letters supposed to have been written by Shahmah, during his travels in the United States, and addressed to his brother, Ahmed Hassan, whom he left in Algiers. The characters are fictitious; but the portraits of evil-doers, and the pictures of life, are sufficiently real. Owing to the peculiar method adopted in the treatment of the subject, and to the fact that Mrs. M'Dougall was not a member of the Church, it was much less popular than "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; at the same time the book exhibits a wider range of thought and greater power of dramatic expression.

I have not the space to even notice a number of her interesting contributions to our literature.

"A large weekly paper, published in 1857 in New York, and conducted by the present writer, with the late W. S. Cutler as assistant editor. In January 1858 the *Age* was removed to Boston, when the *New England Spiritualist* was merged in it, after which *The Spiritual Age* was continued under the editorial supervision of Mr. A. E. Newton and the writer, until 1859, when the latter resigned his place in its management."







BY C. O. POOLE.

to the influences that may come from superna

1 Jackson Davis proves how egregiously Mr. Ba

sorrow and acquainted with grief, poorly estimated, yet envied by many of the great men he has made.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

had been told of him: that his oratorical power was great, and gushed under the direction of trained mind with telling effect. This ex-priest who differed with Father Hyacinthe as to the marriage of priests, is now in our ranks, and called to do a mighty work in the cause; he has lately published two important works, "*L'Esp*

She certainly is no true woman for whom every man may not find it in his heart to have a certain gracious and holy and honorable love; she is not a woman who returns no love and asks no protection.—*Bartol.*



## TO BOOK-RETURN.

The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the large stock of Spiritualist Bibles, Bibles of the Bible, and other books, which are now on hand at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 100 N. BOSTON ST., BOSTON. The books are all new, and of the best quality. The prices are very low, and the books are all well bound. The books are all new, and of the best quality. The prices are very low, and the books are all well bound.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,  
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province  
Street, Lower Floor.

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## What Spiritualism does for a character.

The grave objection against Orthodoxy is that it has no standard of character that its followers will follow; they never seriously propose to live out what they teach—and so in their daily living they quietly ignore the creeds they so well accept to worship on Sunday. When men did live out the creeds, as in the days of Monasticism, they had a character the world now despises. Of course things are better now. But Orthodoxy has little to do with the character; for the clothing of the churches is sadly faded, and when the members are brought in the light of the world's criticism, they are found to be mere shadows.

The discourses of "speculation" and "dissonance" in keeping truths show the inefficiency of Orthodoxy as doing anything really good for character. Now Spiritualism has had to pass the fire of criticism about the influence it has on character, and one will often hear it said that its philosophy may be all right; it may be true that "spirits do come back," but we do not like the character developed under its teachings.

No doubt there are faults in both media and believers, since all are but human; no doubt some of the accusations raised against Spiritualism are really well taken, and it is a grand thing for society that they are truthful accusations. For instance, we allow that we have no creed that everybody must accept whether they can or no; we allow that there is liberty, and great liberty, in our ranks for the utterance of thought; we allow that changes have been wrought in some of our ideas in regard to life in its various aspects and relationships; but the changes are such as are needed for the new life of the present, and the character thus growing is such as the times demand.

Spiritualism gives us freedom to live. We need to realize that we have to make the present beautiful, and not lose the beauty of the now because of futures coming on. Our heaven is so real it allows a heaven now. And we have no one to carry away our sins; and we emphasize the fact that sin is death and marred to the faculties of enjoyment. Man thus is free to examine himself and trust in himself. We know not how to stigmatize the evil of the distrust wrought by the popular churches concerning the help man ought to be and must be to himself. We strive to teach man resolution, and by his striving, to develop greatness of character. Words fail us to show the stimulus of Spiritualism in this regard. It makes the man a self-center, and all his activities are like stars circling around in the plane of his existence.

Then Spiritualism gives a new world, real and reasonable, to the soul-life. It answers the want of humanity, to compass which all the other isms deny. Ecce-statism has pictured a world into the experiences of which no reasoning being cares to enter, and has frightened people from enjoying the present, so that the question of Canon Farrar, "Is life worth living?" resolves itself into a nebulous mist of doubt, and people fear that it hardly is. But our faith comes and gives reality to life, in all its purposes and objects, and so a wise and loving and dutiful character must be the result. It gives a calm and content to life that assurance of victory and final blessedness must always bring. We notice, too, in many instances, among the disciples of Spiritualism—and would there were more of it—a charity as rich as Paul ever preached to Grecian ears. We have hope of the new revelations of love and light, and the new character thoroughly adapted to the wants of the hour, that Spiritualism is demonstrably creating. Let men be free, be true, be faithful, be wise, as to time and the future—this is our word, and the noble lives, the deaths that are not deaths, but the translations of the souls conscious of what awaits them, these ward off the evil tone and sneer that Spiritualism does nothing for character. We say it purifies, it ennobles, it clarifies, it spiritualizes, and brings nearer and nearer yet the kingdom of eternal peace; and as we have often said, so now do we repeat, that our aim is to increase its power, and let it run its course and be glorified.

It is said that the "truly good" Alphas of Illinois are not happy, though their protective law has been passed—some good judges having given the opinion that it is not legal, not in accordance with the Constitution of that State or the Constitution of the United States.

## Prof. William B. Carpenter as an Authority.

That the self-elected dictator on spiritual topics whose name heads this paragraph has peculiar mental characteristics, at least, we think not one among our patrons will deny. If proof were wanting in the premises, the doubter needs only to refer to that admirable work, "THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES AND THEIR APPLICATIONS," in which Prof. J. R. Buchanan and others show up his phylacteries in a clear and cogent style. Our readers have, in years past, seen the almost insane attacks against Spiritualism and Spiritualists which Dr. Carpenter has made, overwhelmed with incontrovertible proofs of their futility; they have seen his gross fabrications utterly unvarnished, his twisted preparations clearly unraveled, his palpable ignorance demonstrated beyond hope of question as regards his opinions and conclusions touching the Spiritual Philosophy and Phenomena; and he has consequently at last taken his position in their estimation as a "public scold rather than a reasoning investigator." But it is not so extensively known among Spiritualists, or the general public either, that Dr. Carpenter carries the same unfair and vindictive animus, which characterizes his treatment of the spiritual problem, with him into every question to the consideration of which he deigns to apply the powers of his "vast" intellect, and thus becomes an unreliable authority in them all.

Dr. Carpenter's views against the new gospel were seized with avidity, and paraded with triumph before their readers, by the secular and the religious papers of America as the careful and considerate utterances of an eminent English scientist, whose mental erudition was equalled only by his moral reliability and his gentlemanly sense of honor. Would these conductors of the press do the reading public and the cause of truth, also, the justice of copying and circulating as readily any evidence making against his reliability either as a giver or a weigher of evidence? That remains to be seen. If they should be willing to do so, in whole or in part, we would recommend to their attention the following extract from the Boston Journal of Chemistry (a scientific publication of the highest repute in its specialty in New England), wherein Prof. Carpenter's unfair misrepresentations of Prof. Crookes's views, etc., concerning the Radiometer are justly excoriated. After stating that the hypothesis that "the motion of the discs within the bulb is primarily due to heat rather than to light," is now considered as settled by all students of science, the editor of the Journal proceeds to talk in the following plain fashion: [The italics, with one exception, are our own.]

"It is well known that the distinguished discoverer of the instrument, named at first to the light hypothesis, which many experiments seemed to favor, but he did not commit himself to it. It was this fact which led to the subsequent and most successful attack upon Dr. Crookes by that most accurate and scrupulous man, William B. Carpenter. Because he did not differ from other distinguished scientific gentlemen in their views of the nature of the discovery when first made, Dr. Carpenter in the most offensive manner accused him of 'not understanding the nature of his own results,' and stated that 'the radiometer of Crookes is a piece of scientific dishonesty,' on the part of the eminent physicist, that he did not at first give the true explanation of the phenomenon."

"This arrogance and impudence is severely rebuked by Mr. Stone" in his paper, but of course it will have little or no effect upon Carpenter, who assumes to have reached an elevated standpoint from which he looks down on all investigators with contempt. This man has had some experience in connection with *drinking* expeditions, and we would suggest that another one be organized to start for the North Pole, or some other locality so distant that no return may be expected for a decade of years, and that Dr. Carpenter be sent aboard the ship. It would be a positive relief to send him where he could not be heard from for the next ten years."

Wherever you find an exhaustive article on the radiometer, in the London Popular Science Review.

## The Day of Problems.

Spiritualism was early denounced as only another of the isms, and thought to be thus dismissed to the care of oblivion. The church supposed it was going to have an easy time of it in dismissing new ideas with this old-fashioned push-pool, but all on a sudden it finds that it is beset with isms itself—a whole school of them, in fact. The pulpit and the so-called religious press are each wrestling with the labor problem. It likewise begins to see that there are other questions, problems and issues to which it has got to direct its attention soon. It sees the work of disintegration going on all around it. It vainly attempts to reconcile the claims of science with the literalness of interpretation, and confesses itself chagrined and at its wits' end because it sees the finer and larger minds constantly slipping away from its wonted control.

But neither Church nor State can hope to escape from this test which every age imposes upon its ability. There will always be new questions coming up for answers, and that is either an unintelligent or a cowardly organization which refuses pointblank to deal with them at all. Refusal is only sitting idly on the bank and waiting for the current to run by. There is but one way, and that is to plunge in. These things are of course, given us to exercise our thought, and test the quality of our faith. Children as we still are, we learn only as we gain experience. We get up only to fall down again.

We do not assume to claim for Spiritualism that it settles or adjusts all the various problems that arise, but we do claim that it directs one in the right way and enables one to see more and deeper than when looking for responses without it. It opens and enlarges the mind, so that it takes cognizance of causes which to ordinary thought seem remote. It brings to the attention suggestions which would otherwise not be apt to reach it at all, and thereby enables the mind to see what others cannot see without it. The plain and simple truth at this day is, that nothing comes in to make clear what is so confused by this very light of Spiritualism. If it liberalizes, it informs also. Science itself is at fault without the steady and sure guidance of its lamp. And as for theology, it gropes in darkness itself while the world is being flooded with its light.

There is no use in hoping, as many people do—who even pray for it, also—that this cup may be suffered to pass from us in the present age. There is a sufficient reason why so many more questions are put to the human mind than ever were before. It is because it is more added to giving them hospitality, and consequently better disposed to find answers for them all. As the eye is suffered to see the light no faster than it can safely do so, so is the light of revelation kindly kept from the human mind until it is in a condition to bear it. When there is a growing and almost a general desire to know more and

better than has ever been known, as there certainly is in this age of the world, the demand will assuredly be met with a corresponding supply. Never was humanity so much awake as it is now to know new and larger truths, and it is therefore to be expected that it will be more freely given to it to understand. That is just the phenomenon we witness to-day, and we may well rejoice that it is so.

## Henry B. Allen.

On our sixth page the reader will find a letter from George A. Fuller, concerning the new project into which that worthy lecturer has embarked with the celebrated physical medium whose name we cite above. Mr. Allen presents at this time special claims to the recognition and patronage of Spiritualists New England over. His falling health, induced by too close application to his mediumistic mission, warned him some time since to allow himself a period of repose, and obeying the prompts of his early training and the prompting of his natural tastes, he entered into arrangements for the purchase of a small farm in East Calais, Nt. Here he centered whatever he had been able to save from his earnings from his youth up, and in addition assumed pecuniary responsibilities which he hoped in time to discharge. Things went well with him for a year, when an unforeseen misfortune, in the shape of a fire which consumed his dwelling, and out buildings generally, left him in a helpless condition, and he was obliged to surrender what remained as a sacrifice to his monetary agreements. He is now, therefore, commencing life again, as it were, and has made Amherst, Mass., his home, (which town is located on the line of the New London & Northern Railroad—Boston & Albany depot, this city.) At his residence in Amherst he has held many sittings for materialization of hands, for independent writing, tests, spirit-voices, etc., which have met with the best possible reception by the parties who have attended them—all joining in expressing their conviction of the genuineness of the phenomena and the reliability of the instrument.

We wish Messrs. Fuller and Allen every success as they canvass the country through, the one bearing the oral message of the Spiritual Philosophy, the other the direct proof of its truth, through incontrovertible phenomena. We use the term incontrovertible advisedly, as we have known and thoroughly tested Mr. Allen at our own office, when as "the boy medium" he, in the early days of the movement, carried the light of spiritual conviction into the minds of many doubters and skeptics; while since he has attained to manhood his original powers have not decreased, and other and novel media developments having been bestowed upon him.

## Dr. Babbitt's "Light and Color."

This work, which is already creating so much interest in all directions, has a large amount of information for physicians and other thoughtful people, which has never before been given. Gen. Pleasanton, of Philadelphia, puts especial emphasis upon blue light, and quotes some remarkable cures performed thereby, although he fails to show what is the real healing power of blue. Dr. Pancoast, of the same city, exhibits some very powerful cures wrought by both the blue and red light; and Dr. Babbitt has demonstrated the chemical and therapeutic power of all the colors, and formulated both a science and art of color-healing, so that special colors may be applied to special diseases. This science he calls *Chromopathy*. Among the examples of healing by means of light or color, or color charged substances, the work gives the details of the cure of paralysis, consumption in the third stage, complete physical exhaustion, nervous diseases, rheumatism, constipation, sciatica, neuralgia, meningitis, baldness and many other diseases, where other methods have failed. We quote the following opinion from F. M. Odell, D. D. S., M. D., of No. 7 West 34th Street, N. Y.:

"The cream of Dr. Babbitt's 'Principles of Light and Color' is not to be acquired by skimming, but reaches down into basic principles. The work comes to us like a new revelation, with its startling array of facts and discoveries, and bids fair to revolutionize therapeutics and the whole present philosophy of force."

The above work is kept for sale by Colby & Rich.

## Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Charles R. Miller writes us under a recent date that this celebrated medium and gifted speaker lectured at Everett Hall, 388 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, on Sundays, August 11th, 11th and 18th. She speaks in New York City, in Republican Hall, 33d Street, near Broadway, on the fourth and last Sunday of August, morning at 10:30 o'clock, and evening at 8.

The chairman of the Everett Hall meeting, in making the announcement that Mrs. Richmond would speak one Sunday in New York City before returning to Chicago, said that, "In accepting the invitation to speak in New York City on Sunday next, Mrs. Richmond had been governed wholly by public considerations connected with the advancement of the spiritual cause, and her decision was made under the direction of her spirit guides."

Mrs. Richmond's Sunday evening address of Aug. 11th was under the spirit control of Prof. Mapes; subject, "The Scientific, Philosophical and Ethical Basis of Spiritualism." Everett Hall was well filled, and the quality of the audience, even more than the number, was a most complimentary and appreciative greeting to the speaker.

On Monday evening, Aug. 26th, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond leave New York City for Chicago.

A correspondent informs us that a precious pair, going by the names of T. Brigham and Louise Bishop, recently alighted at Council Bluffs, Ia., and opened their peripatetic show on a Saturday evening, with what they claimed to be a genuine spiritual séance, and then changed front and delighted the souls of the church-folk by an "exposé" séance on Sunday evening. Our correspondent thinks that perchance "Petticoat" Bishop has dropped the "W. Irving" and hoisted the "T. Brigham," for a new cruise, leaving the steamer which was supposed to be conveying him to Europe minus of his precious presence. Be that as it may, the Spiritualists of Iowa and the West generally should be on their guard against the "confidence" operations of these hybrids, whether the "Old South Saver" makes one of the couple or not.

The well-known materializing and transfiguration mediums, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, are located at No. 8 Davis Street, Boston, where séances will be held every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock.

## The Poor Children's Excursions.

At the opening of the season we announced that preparations were being made by generous citizens in Boston and vicinity for a continuance this year of the laudable practice of giving to the poor children of this municipality some glimpses of the country air and light, from an extended enjoyment of which their unfortunate condition necessarily debar them. The following report from the Committee is now recommended to the attention of the charitably disposed:

"It had been arranged to give eight excursions to Highland Lake Grove, provided the funds were found sufficient. Five of these have already occurred, viz: July 13, 13th children were taken July 13, 13th Aug. 6, 6th Aug. 13, 13th Aug. 13, 13th total number of children for the five excursions, 5,100, at a cost of \$1,400, averaging 27 cents per child. There were funds on hand sufficient for the excursion of Aug. 20, but for that of Aug. 27 there is only about one-half enough, and for that of Aug. 27 there is no provision made. About \$200 more is required to see that every child who is entitled to the benefit of the excursion to this spot, will be able to enjoy it. The committee trust that there will be an immediate and generous response to this appeal. It is very important that subscriptions should be sent in at once to Peters & Parkins, Treasurers, 35 Congress Street."

## Somewhat to the Point!

The Interior, published in Chicago, evidently experienced recently a religious sensation of the true Pecksniffian character, and therefore lifted up its voice against all Sunday newspapers. Its lucubrations were profound in length, and its allegations were too numerous to mention; but David Swing's Alliance gave the following keen retort to them all, which seems to have ended the controversy with a victory for the right side:

To make the argument available that a Sunday edition of a certain paper has been published, it is necessary to find an audience of idiots to address it to.—Interior.

The facts are these:

1. The Sunday paper is set up and printed Saturday.
2. The Monday paper is wholly edited and made up Sunday.
3. The Interior ought to know it.
4. There is no reason, therefore, why the argument should not be available, since it is addressed to them.

## Fourth Edition now Ready.

The steady demand for "Views of Our Heavenly Home," by A. J. Davis, has made it necessary to print another edition. We are now prepared to fill all orders at once.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the trouble which we are now having with hostile Indians is primarily due to the bad faith with which the agents appointed to look after their interests have treated them. If the provisions made for their benefit by the Government were honestly carried out by the Indian agents, we should have had no wars, the lives of our soldiers would have been spared, and millions of dollars of money saved to the Treasury. For it is to the interest of the Indian to live at peace with the whites. To fight us is to engage in a hopeless struggle which must end in defeat. What has driven the savages to unearth the hatchet is the fact that the Government has stolen from them at least one-half of what the Government has appropriated to them; who sell them whiskey that inflames their blood, and rifles and ammunition with which to wreak vengeance upon the whites. Really we are more to blame than the Indians themselves, for the constant recurrence of hostilities. . . . A clean sweep must be made of the rascally agents who fatten upon the misery of the Indians, and some other machinery must be devised to furnish them with supplies.—Gold Hill, Nevada, News.

Here is more evidence of the raceability of white men toward the Indians of the Northwest, placed before the public in terse language—every word true—and we thank the News, in behalf of the Red man, for its independence in publishing what we have quoted. [Washington Republican, please copy.]

In another column we publish from the London Spiritualist of the 2d inst. a graphic account of "the passage of matter through matter," or, in other words, the locking together of two solid rings—one of wood, the other of ivory! This occurred in London, in the presence of Mr. Williams, said to be a powerful medium. Great importance, in England, is attached to this palpable evidence of the occult power of the spirit-world; and to those in America who have, in common with ourselves, been privileged to receive similar evidences of what our spirit-friends under the proper conditions are capable of doing in objective life, the ring phenomenon to which we refer will prove corroborative evidence. Our thanks are due C. Reimers, Esq., 47 Mornington Road, N. W., London, for an imperial photograph of the two rings thus united. Parties desiring can see this picture by visiting the Banner of Light Bookstore.

In another column will be found the reports furnished us of the proceedings at the camp-meetings now in progress at Onset Bay and Lake Pleasant, by which it will be seen that the interest on the part of the public in both enterprises continues to be unabated. It gives us pleasure to note the fact that on the evening of Aug. 13th, the anniversary of his birthday, Dr. I. P. Greenleaf was made the recipient of a congratulatory visit by a party of his friends resident at Onset Bay Grove; his pleasant residence was decorated at once with fine bouquets brought by the new comers, and donated to him in a speech by Mrs. Vira Lewis, the doctor replying appropriately. Mrs. George Hosmer furnished instrumental music; singing was engaged in by Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer, and others, and the whole affair proved, in sentiment and action, an unmistakable success.

With this issue of the Banner of Light goes out a supplementary sheet containing a full account of Hon. Thomas R. Hazard's remarkable séances with the Bliss mediums of Philadelphia. The narration would seem conclusively to show to every candid minded person, whether believer or skeptic, that the alleged "exposure," some time since, of these wonderful media, was without the least foundation in truth. Mr. Hazard is very clear and concise in his examination of the legal aspect of the Bliss imbroglio, and his article, which will occupy a certain amount of space in at least two future numbers of this paper, will no doubt in its entirety establish their innocence of fraud to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced person in the land.

On our first page the reader will find Prof. S. B. Brittan's tribute to the memory and the life-work of Mrs. Fannie Green McDougall, who recently passed from the scenes of the temporal to those of the spiritual existence. We have still on hand several instalments of her poem on Joan of Arc, and shall print these numbers at an early day.

"NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS," the first grand volume in the Spiritual Dispensation, is constantly sought by all earnest investigators. We have just printed another edition.

Read Henry Lacroix's Paris letter on our third page.

## Vaccination Unjustifiable.

Dr. William Hycheman, an eminent London physician, prints an important article in the Medium and Daybreak, on vaccination, from which we take the following extract:

"Almost every day of my life children are brought to me suffering severely from vaccination. In form of cerebral and gastric complications, persistent vomiting, intractable diarrhoea, severe convulsions, bronchial irritation, and loathsome eruptions of a syphilitic or scrofulous nature. Pustules, moreover, are often visible in the mouth and pharynx, on the edges of the eyelids, with ulceration of the cornea, and loss of transparency to such an extent as to indicate lasting opacity, if not ultimate blindness."

I say vaccination, in the present state of our knowledge, is unjustifiable. For what does the above pathological condition indicate, except that calf-pox, jun., or cow-pox, sen., is a kind of small-pox itself, modified in appearance only by passing through the constitution of some of the domestic animals?

I have attended numerous cases of small-pox, both with and without previous vaccination, and I solemnly affirm that in an extensive practice of forty years' duration, at home and abroad, I never lost an unvaccinated patient by death in the whole of that period!

This question is attracting much attention in England, and strenuous efforts are being made to have the law enforcing vaccination repealed.

## The Fortieth Anniversary

Of the release from prison (where the legally entrenched bigotry of the day succeeded in confining him,) of the venerable Abner Kneeland was celebrated Sunday afternoon, Aug. 18th, in a feeling and proper manner at Paine Memorial Building, Boston. Horace Seaver, Esq., editor of the Investigator, opened the exercises by an address which embodied many telling reminiscences of Mr. Kneeland, and bore witness to his character as a good citizen, an honest man, an able scholar, and a fearless pioneer of the cause of liberal thought. Remarks in a similar vein were also made by Mr. J. P. Mendum, proprietor of the Investigator, and by Messrs. Verity, Thomas, Grosvenor, Mrs. Laura Kendrick and others.

Rev. Mr. Murray, of this city, is in Canada eating soup by the gallon. Hear him:

"Speaking of soup reminds me, Why can't we Americans make soup? We can't. Our soups are heavy, sluggish, stagnant. They drag you. They blot you. They make you feel like a puddle of blood water. But here the market-women, even, make soups that are fresh as clover and buoyant as champagne. At Bonsecour market, about 1 P. M., you can get a bowl of soup for three cents that would make a reputation for any hotel in Boston. Why can't Parker or Young give us such soups? A few dishes would regenerate the city government. Three cents a quart, that's all. I've eaten twelve cents' worth at a sitting. If you don't believe it, ask Alex! By the way, he is not intimidated easily at the noon lunching. I've seen him eat calmly in the bottom of his fourth bowl. It takes true courage to do that! The flavoring of the French soups is marvelous. There will often be three or four flavors in your dish, and they all harmonize. That's the severest test in cooking, as it is in mingling perfumes. It makes a man wiser and better to eat French soup. It tones up his moral nature. It's a panacea for suicide."

On our sixth page will be found the announcement of the Saranne (Mich) Grove-Meeting. The notice of the Secretary, dated August 13th, arrived at this office Thursday, Aug. 15th, too late for insertion last week, hence the delay, for which we are truly sorry. Friends everywhere, who intend forwarding notices of movements, meetings, etc., for use in our columns, should remember that the Banner of Light goes to press on Tuesday of each week; but bears the date of Saturday. Their notices, therefore, to insure prompt insertion, must be forwarded so as to reach this office on the Monday preceding the day of going to press.

We are informed that the notorious T. Warren Lincoln, alias "Mansfield," etc., etc., held a séance recently, in the town of Nantucket, in the course of which his fine summer suit came in contact with a number of questionable eggs which found propulsive power at the hands of his audience. Served him right. Respectable people, whether Christians, materialists or Spiritualists, should refuse to patronize his impotent travesties. Then he would be forced into retirement, and the good of the community be enhanced thereby.

VERIFICATION.—John Danforth, Esq., of New London, Ct., informs us that the spirit message of Willie Langdon, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Danksin, and printed in the Banner of Aug. 3d, is correct. But, he adds, the word Fort was omitted before the name of the place where "Willie" hailed from. It should have read Fort Trumbull.

Mrs. D. Metcalf informs us that the spirit message from Elias Bullard, of Holliston, Mass., printed in the Banner of Light May 18th, is characteristic of the man, and all true with the exception of an error in the name; it was printed Bullard instead of Bullard. Other parties from Holliston have called at our office and made statements corroborative of the above.

Malcolm Taylor, of Chicago—one of the well-known duo of mediums, "Bastian and Taylor"—was married, August 15th, to Mrs. R. E. Schermerhorn, proprietress of the Spiritual Home at Cascade—Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, performing the ceremony. We tender our congratulations to the newly united ones.

Edwin Gill, writing from Australia, June 11th, to the London Spiritualist, says: "I am glad to tell you that that noble woman, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, is drawing crowded houses at the Opera House, Melbourne, leaving scarcely standing room. Every Sunday night there are nearly four thousand persons present."

A bill allowing women to vote in school meeting, passed the New Hampshire House of Representatives recently, it having previously passed the Senate by a vote of 9 to 31. This is the first substantial legislative victory won by the women suffragists of New England.

Fifth Revised Edition of the "STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMERLAND," by A. J. Davis, is just in from the press. It will be remembered that the "Stellar Key" is Part I. of the "Views." These companion volumes are selling remarkably well.

Dr. Cook, editor of the Dublin University Magazine, is a firm Spiritualist. His wife, who has recently written a work entitled "An Innocent Sinner," which we understand is meeting with great success, is a fine trance medium.

The Spiritualists are organizing in Australia under the title of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists.



Price 20 cents, postage 1 cent.  
For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, a  
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower  
floor), Boston, Mass.



## Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free Circles, through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, are reported and published each week in this Department.

We are glad to see that the reports of Spirit Messages given each week in this Department, through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANKIN, are so widely read and appreciated.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, and that, whether for good or evil, they are those who pass from the earth-plane to an advanced state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine but forthrightly in the face of the evidence. Those who wish to know the truth, let them come to the Banner of Light Public Free Circles, and be informed by the living spirits.

**Re-opening of the Banner Circles.**  
The Banner of Light Public Free Circles will be re-opened on Tuesday, Sept. 4, at 8 o'clock p. m. During September circles will be held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings only. The last two Sundays in September circles will be held at the usual hour.

### REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

#### Invocation.

Infinite Father, who bringest us life and strength, thou who art the power of the granite rock and the oak tree, thou who art in the slender vine and in the tiny flower, we address thee with love and reverence. We ask that thou wilt draw us up into us, that we may be able to do our work successfully for the world. May we bring some little tender bud and place it on the bosom of some individual who will feel its influence. May we touch the hearts of those who walk on the earth, and bring consolation to their souls.

#### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Mr. Chairman, we will now listen to whatever questions are before us.

**Q.**—By the writings of Swedenborg, and other eminent men, we are informed that spirits carry with them all the attributes, thoughts, affections and emotions with which our good Father has so liberally endowed his children. If so, do our loved ones mourn and grieve at their separation from us, as we do from them, and as they were wont to do while on earth for the loss of their friends?

**A.**—Spiritual life differs from the material life. In the spiritual we behold and understand and know what the separation means. True, we grieve when we leave the old form on earth, and can no longer reach our friends and loved ones. There comes over us a shadow, but at the same time the truth is brought home to us that all things are for the best, and that they will work out a more exceeding day of glory than we have ever witnessed. Therefore we do not weep or mourn as you mourn, for if there is a road open home ward, and we need, of it, we do not feel there is any separation.

**Q.**—Do they realize, on their entrance into spiritual life, that they have passed through the trials and troubles of an earthly life? that their existence is to be perpetual? that all companionship and ties are severed, never to be renewed till we go to them? Or is the joy at their release on their translation and meeting with friends so great that earthly things, of whatever nature, are weakened in contrast with the glories and happiness of their new life, so as to become, in a measure, the affections of the loved ones they have parted from?

**A.**—We never forget our loved ones; we always love them and send our affections to them; but at the same time we sometimes feel that the tide of life has drifted us away and we must be resigned to it, while the glory and beauty of the spiritual world open to us, and we enjoy it to its fullest extent. At the same time there is always a tiny string which pulls us toward the home circle. We do not feel that our life with you is ended. We know that onward and upward is the law of progression; we realize that we can still do you some good, and we return to earth cheerfully, bringing whatever joy we can.

**Q.**—In Dr. Rindolph's book, "Racalistic," it is stated that there is a spiritual side to the material, separated from this side by a wall, on which substance souls are incarnated. On the spiritual side there is a counterpart of every one in this life waiting there and ministering to its mate here, until sometime in their future development the two will unite as a dual soul. Please give your opinion on this subject.

**A.**—Mr. Chairman, I honestly and earnestly believe that there are individuals here that need in earth-life who will never be separated in the spiritual life, even if one goes on twenty years before the other. The one longest in spirit life will return, encourage and help the other upward, and will be willing to remain near to the other until the two can reach an equilibrium. If individuals are not rightly united here, but go through life feeling that they have no counterpart, they are sure to find one in the spiritual side. I trust that all of you who approach the marriage relation will find out whether you have a counterpart spiritually, materially and lovingly, before you enter the sacred temple of marriage. If you find out too late that you are mistaken, rest assured you must do your duty, whatever it may be. Then you will find your reward.

**Farrar Crane.**  
I have been gone some years—I can't tell you just how long. I have frequently been able to manifest myself to my friends, and I felt as though I would like to come here, not because I feel it necessary for me to come for my own development, but I had a desire to come and express my feeling, and tell you that the only true existence that I have ever found has been through having some communication with mortals. I really sometimes feel as if that was the strangest thing in the world—that individuals should feel that it was so unusual or a side step to Europe, if you had a brother or a sister go to Europe, you would think it very odd if they didn't write to you occasionally. You would be ready to advertise them if they didn't. Yet how many of us come to spirit-life, and have a few expect to hear from us. You don't advertise. You say, "They are dead; they are gone!" Oh, no! "They are dead," we are not gone. I remember after passing away, of several times taking friends by the hand and talking to them through mediums, and I have been here and stood upon the platform. Now I've come again. You can write my name as Farrar Crane, or Crane Farrar. I don't care which. I died by accident. I was injured by a dump-cart. I think those who with me will give me the credit of being one who was not afraid, but that I could remain in immovable while others felt badly. Even in the agony which I was in I was able to smoke a cigar and to look upon death as calmly and quietly as possible. I passed away smoothly, and I now come back that I may give others evidence that I can return, and that others can return. I want to do whatever I can to help on all humanity.

**Charles Champlain.**  
Please say that Charles Champlain, who has been gone but a little while, came to Boston to day wondering what he should find; whether he should be welcomed or not. I was a great

lover of horses. I delighted to train them, delighted to put them and feed them. I died very suddenly. I went to see a horse, feeling as well as usual, when all of a sudden something started from my heart to my head. I sat down on a stone. That is almost the last I remember, until I found I had two beings, one that they were carrying away, and one that could walk away. I do not think it was apoplexy, as the physician said, but I believe it was some disease of the heart, and a bad magnesian which was thrown upon me. I didn't believe in that when here, but I realize and feel it now; and I know that an individual can be poisoned to death as easily by bad magnetism as by strychnine or arsenic.

As I look around I find that very many of our animals, especially horses, are oftentimes poisoned in that way. Many individuals who are found dead, as they call it, by "apoplexy," or "heart disease," die by magnetic poison.

May 28.

**Charlotte M. Sidney.**

I wish you would say that Charlotte M. Sidney, from Babylon, N. Y., called me. I have been gone some ten years. I went out, I don't know what of, but a general breaking down of the forces of the body. They called it consumption. Maybe it was; it brought me a very hard cough. I do not expect to reach any friends there, for they have gone, all of them. North, though some of them have gone to California—Sacramento. Another member of my family has gone over the water, and is now in London, and a very dear friend of mine has gone to North, and is, or was, located in Boston. I believe this message will be sent to my friends, that they will reap their reward, and I shall mine by having come.

May 28.

**Dr. Austin.**

Mr. Chairman, I am a novice, in one respect, at this business. I control mediums very seldom, although there is one in our place. I sometimes control, and I thought I should enjoy coming here. It was my disposition while on earth to do all the good I could; it is my disposition now to do whatever I can for the benefit of humanity. I don't wish to distress anybody, but at the same time I wish to say to a friend of mine who has taken my business, to be careful and look well where he is going. He is taking too much on his hands for the safety of his own life, comfort, and strength. Ask him to be more lenient with himself; ask him to be more true, and to do the best he can for all humanity, but not to remember his own duty to himself. You can say this message is from Dr. Austin.

May 28.

**John L. Bates.**

My name is John L. Bates. I was born in Boston, when the times were different from what they are now. In fact, I can't tell where it was, but the waters were well nigh up to what you now call Harrison Avenue. There was a dike there, and what was called Wheeler's Point. I can't locate myself exactly, but I was in that part of the city that I went out. I have been gone very many years, probably forty—and it is only recently that I have learned that I could come back to earth and control a medium and talk. It has been so much of a curiosity to me, that I have been here every day lately; and a gentleman who seems to be the presiding genius here, said that I could talk just as well as not. My friends are all with me—my immediate friends—and I don't see as I've got anything to say to anybody, but I am doing this because I wanted to see how it would sound to talk once more in the world.

I did like a dream occasionally; maybe that made me darker, but it seemed to be as if for years and years I had been sleeping, and then there seemed to be a great long dark, never-ending pine wood to go through. When I got out of that, there was a great high mountain to climb. But finally my wife, Mary, and my mother, who loved me very much, and I hope was a baby, took me by the hand and led me out where it was beautiful, where everything seemed so grand and lovely. Then I knew I was saved. But I was looking for the great Master of all, the good God who dwells in the kingdom of heaven, who was a ruler afar off. I have learned that I was mistaken—that the God that speaks through Nature is the only God for man to obey.

May 28.

**J. E. C.**

Mr. Chairman, I am used to talking but little, and I have not been in the spiritual world a great while. I find it very different from what I expected. In fact, it is to me, sir, a great disappointment. I will not say that it is a disappointment to me in a dark way, but I will say that the light that I am gaining is a great treasure. I come here by the help of a friend whom perhaps I have injured more than any other individual that I ever came in contact with. She gives me strength and life. My wife Mary is with me. I don't wish her, whom I care very much, to leave this earth, to feel that she has no present interest in her welfare. I have looked at the doings at home, and perfectly approve of them, and am very glad of the alterations. I want to say to my children, my adopted children, that they never need fear that I shall trouble them in the least; I will do all for them I can. I thank them for the kind words and remembrances which they are sending me, and I hope to be remembered kindly. I have erred, yet all mankind do dark things sometimes. I could no more help them than I could help breathing; yet I would have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, could I have got at some friends at the time of my death.

I now say to them, Be of good cheer, for you need not fear that I shall do all I can for you. I understand and realize your sacrifice. I am glad that everything is so cheerful, and you may make it still more so. I don't propose to give my name, but please say that it is from J. E. C. I think they will get my letter, because they often read this paper, and I shall see that it is placed in their hands.

May 28.

**Susan B. Smith.**

I wish you would say that Susan B. Smith, of New York City, called. I didn't always live there. I lived away out in the world, a long distance away. I lived in Brooklyn at one time, in Montreal just a little while, and away out in the country, I can't tell you where. Then I came to St. Albans, N. H., then to New York City, and finally I landed in Brooklyn, then in New York City. It was a hard time; everything seemed to go wrong with us, and darkness was everywhere. Nothing was light, nothing was bright, nothing was beautiful; and I was glad when the "death angel" came. I thought I was going to be annihilated; I didn't have any faith in the hereafter; but a dear old friend of my mother's, a schoolmaster, came and took my hand, and said to me, "You are alive; there is no death." I was not rejected, but indignant, for a time, for I felt as if I wanted to die, that there was no sense in living; but I have been gradually guided and helped, and now I feel that to live an eternal life is a great privilege.

Something seemed to make me come here today. I don't care whether you print my letter or not. It is a great privilege to speak through a medium. I only wish there were a hundred such places as this.

May 28.

**Uncle Jim.**

I'm afraid, sir [to the Chairman], that I shan't be able to talk, as I want to tell you how much I love you. I bring my wife Nabby with me. My daughter Dinah she's fearfully plump. When she thinks of her mother and her father she hopes God will have mercy on 'em, and haint sent 'em to hell; yet she believes mighty strong in that place. I don't believe in it at all. I'm a Northerner, sir, yet I've got Southern blood in my veins; but I never was cast aside because my skin was darker than anybody's else. I always had the good luck to live where everybody seemed to do just as well as to be black as it was to be white, if everybody was good. I find that it's just so here in the spirit-world, as you call it; that if you'll only do the

best you can, that's all that is required of you. Now I'm not a learned man, I am a poor old darkey. I've worked many a long day in the field, and I had a strange experience. I suppose that once in a while I liked to take just a little bit of the "oh be joyful," not enough to hurt me very much. I don't know why I wanted to come, but I did want to come. I wanted to tell you there is not a place here where they could get away from the white man, the black man, or the red man. I think if there ever are any individuals come from the earth that have been treated like dogs, it is the Indians. They seem to be doing the most good for the people of earth of any; but they are banded together just now, and if the Government ain't careful they will make trouble for it in its treasury. That's all I've got to say. Please say it's from old Uncle Jim.

May 28.

**Julia A. Withrow.**

I ain't much over nine years old. [To the Chairman.] Can I send a letter direct, even if I can't think of nothing to say? [Yes.] Please say it is from Julia A. Withrow. My friends live down in Missouri. I was just going to tell you where, but I can't think of it. I'll tell you some other time. I'm just as vexed as I can be, because I can't remember what I want to. Mamma's name is Emma. Grandpa Withrow came with me. Give my love to mamma. I've thought of the name of that place—it is Spanish. [To the Chairman.] Are you angry with me because I can't do any better? [Oh, no! you have done the best you could.] I shall come again and tell you something more.

May 31.

**Alma U. Skinner.**

I wish you would say that Alma U. Skinner, of Monteno, Ill., called to tell her friends she still lives. Dear ones, I shall be glad to meet you. Loving hands have clasped mine, sweet, tender kisses have been given me, and I have received every affectionate caress it is possible for me to receive. I cannot tell you that which I wish to, but please let me have the privilege of coming again sometime.

May 31.

**Dr. Loring.**

I have not been gone a great while, but I feel it my duty to return to earth and speak as the spirits give me utterance. I know something of the workings of the spiritual. I return to earth not to do any individual harm, but all the good I can. I feel it a duty incumbent upon me to express my opinion that the spiritual ideas are free, honest and true. I have learned that there is no death. I have learned that that which was life to me once in the form, was simply a counterfeit of what I enjoy in spirit-life. I do not regret the past. I did what I felt to be right.

I send love to those that were near to me. Oftentimes I hear their voices singing sweet hymns of praise; oftentimes I hear her voice, tuning, as it were, sweet lays of love. No matter how it may have seemed, I loved her, I cared for her. She was very dear to me. I can only say I have found the spiritual a reality. Thank God for that, for I can work on, and learn all there is to learn. I can bring about all the power that is necessary for me. I may not have done that which in the past may have been acceptable to others. I now have a work to do that no one else can do for me. Please say it is from Dr. Loring, of Providence, R. I. I passed away after getting vaccinated, with diphtheria.

May 31.

**William P. Allen.**

William P. Allen, of Chicago, formerly of Portland, wishes to be known as an individual spirit. I am myself, and as soon as possible will meet those who have called upon me; not only that, but if they will go where spirits are materialized, I will show myself to them.

May 31.

**Charles H. Dunbar.**

I wish you would say that Charles H. Dunbar, who has been gone some fifteen years from this life, returns again and speaks to a brother of his. If he will look out for some things which I left while on earth it will be of advantage to him. I wish he would just look out and see what is going on. If he don't choose to, all right.

May 31.

**Aaron.**

Far back over the ancient tide of life I wandered. Those were strange days. Then the world looked differently from what it does now, and men were sturdy and strong, and life was long. The roses bloomed beautifully, the daisies were round my feet, and as I felt the presence of the great immortal ones, and the sunshine of life pointed to me the way of right and truth and I felt the power of the great Omnipotent. I know that there is an overruling Presence who guides and guards me wherever I go. The flower blooms brightly, for there is a God-soul within it. The sun shines in its beauty and warms the earth with its love, but there must be a hand which guides and rules.

I would have all individuals stand firm and look over their lives, and see whether they are ready to begeth to the cross of the great truth of the life immortal. I would have them unselfish, and unfold the petals of love within their souls, and then see whether the beauty and truth of spiritual love can ever injure mankind.

May 31.

**MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD**

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

**John Whitridge.**

From Rhode Island, John Whitridge, in my eighty-second year, who I should at this time be communicating with the denizens of earth, I do not exactly understand. However, as it gives food for the spiritual mind, I will go on in the work, whether it be of advantage to others or I derive advantage from it.

It's a knotty question. Hard to make others believe that you have the ability to communicate with them after they have full knowledge that they consider your body to be their mother earth. Truths are stubborn things, though it takes almost a century to gain acceptance of a new idea. I was not a believer nor an investigator, nor do I pronounce myself one now. I am only doing, under the law, that which gives immortality to the soul and expansion to eternity. Wise men have told these things before, and fools have laughed at them; I am wise now unto knowledge. That knowledge being mine I wish to spread it broadcast, and any good can be done I will be the happier for it. If any evil accrues from it I then will be disappointed. Oh! what a broad-sounding, ringing word, is disappointment! It sinks the heart of men and oftentimes makes them mad, even to the filling of a suicide's grave.

The spirit-world has many attractions. The more we see of its beauty the more we demand, and that brings into exercise faculties which in the human body are lying dormant.

Oh, Creator! I give thee praise, not with idle words but the feelings of my heart, with the powers of my intellect; for thou hast, through thy laws, passed me into a haven of rest—rest for the weary; for though the frame was shattered, thanks to thee, the spirit was whole. Safely housed, with all things to make me happy.

I have found no death. I have found all life and perpetual youth. So adieu till we meet again.

**Lavinia Orman.**

My name was Lavinia Orman. I died of consumption in my twentieth year. My father's name was John, my mother's name Eliza. I lived on South Dallas street, Baltimore. Consumption—oh, the tedious days and lonesome nights through which one has to pass with disease in the lungs! The fires are burning, and constantly consuming the vital forces. Decay is rapid, and pain and suffering so severe; but thanks be to the Father, after death they cease.

and then comes the buoyancy of life, then comes heaven and the companionship with angels.

I would not return if I could. I would have stayed on earth, for I did not know that heaven was so beautiful; rare flowers, crystal waters, rolling hills and flowering valleys, angels bright and beautiful. I am home, home in the kingdom of God, where there is no night here, all is day; all is gladness as the little lamb that plays upon the grassy slopes.

Now, grieve not, mother or father, or any one, over the decayed body. Look not in my grave, for I am not there; look above and beyond, and you will find me in the stillness of the night hear me whisper, "Mother, I love you. I return to greet you, for the angels bid me do so." Fearful rest that rest which gives exercise to the mind, and makes one feel they have a duty, not only to themselves but to those whom they have left behind.

How grand and how beautiful is heaven! Your sight must be veiled upon first entering; you cannot look upon those you meet, for their countenances are so dazzling. Mother, this is heaven, heaven with all its beauties. Let consolation be wrapped around your heart, for I am happy in heaven.

**James Clark.**

I was 51 years of age; lived on East Forty-Third street, New York, and died of Bright's disease. The grand struggle of death has been accomplished, and I stand looking out upon the vastness of creation; not that creation which was fashioned from nothing, but that which came subject to law, government and scientific regulation.

Many men think that death is terrible. Not so. The transition from this life to the other is very beautiful. The rest we enjoy is so calm, so peaceful when entering on the other side of life, we scarce can realize that we ever were mortals, subject to change and decay. Mine is no wondrous story, it is one that is being told every day. Still the minds of the human are not prepared to accept death with joyousness and thanksgiving; they weep and wail and know not what for, while the spirit stands near in its gladness of heart, joyous to think that it is free from its earthly body.

All who ever knew me must acknowledge I had no fear either of this life or of the life beyond. I was beautifully welcomed on the other shores by those who once knew me. They greeted me and told me to trim my lamp and let it burn brightly. I am content, with no doubts, no fears regarding the wisdom and beneficence of the one to whom I kneel in adoration and call Father.

**MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:**

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.

JENNIE S. RUDD.

Eliza Connor; George L. Evans; Mary Lawrence; George Watson; Edward Darling; William B. Ashford.

Mary Doe; Frank M. N. Nancy B. Sinclair; Maurice Abbott; George Dabols; Polly D. Union; Uriah Blake.

Marissa Healy; James Hamilton; Lucius P. Morse; Thomas Riley; James M. Ferris; Anonymous.

Hannah Marshall; Rosina D. Wood; Dr. Maginniss; Dr. Edward Simpson; Pryor Kirk; Adelle M. Vernon.

Charles D. Willis; Daniel C. Smith; John D. Meares; John M. McWhorter; Hannah W. Shaw; Mamie Drew; John; Hannah.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.

SARAH A. DANKIN.

John Patten; Mary Hills Glover; James Charte; Elizabeth Bray Darley.

**Banner Correspondence.**

**Massachusetts.**

**MONTAGUE.**—George A. Fuller, writing from the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting grounds, under date of August 10th, says: "Last winter and spring my time was all taken up lecturing in New Hampshire, where I found the people ever ready to listen to the truths of Spiritualism, and in many places, Nashua and Milford for instance, I found the enlightening principle of our cause to be a power that was felt in every department of life.

After a rest of a few weeks at my home, where I could enjoy the quiet influence of farm-life, and the communion of the good and great minds of all ages through the medium of my library, by the request of our good Bro. J. B. Hatch, I started for the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting. There, where Nature has lavished nearly all her beauties, we had one of the most enjoyable and harmonious camp-meetings I ever attended. There for the first time I met Mr. Henry B. Allen, of Amherst, Mass., formerly known as the 'Allen Boy,' the remarkable musical and physical medium. After he had heard me lecture, and I had visited one of his séances, we concluded that we would travel together and do what lay within our power to dispense the truths of Spiritualism and demonstrate the immortality of the soul. So I accompanied Mr. Allen to his home, where I had the privilege of attending two of his séances, one dark and one light. In the dark séance hands were felt, voices heard, the instruments discoursed fine music, and a great abundance of independent writing was obtained. In the light séance, a show having been planned across the corner of the room, the dulcimer and guitar having been placed behind it, the circle was formed in front of the curtain, Mr. Allen taking his seat with us. In not more than two minutes hands appeared above the curtain, and the guitar and dulcimer gave forth most excellent music. I saw three different sizes of hands, and one very large negro hand during the séance. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Allen sat in front of the curtain, and joined hands with the rest of the circle. I have seen a great many physical manifestations, but have never met with any as convincing as those which I have witnessed in the presence of Mr. Allen.

Sunday, August 4th, I lectured in Palmer's Hall, Amherst, Mass., before quite a good audience. This being the first Spiritualist meeting ever held in this town, a great deal of interest was excited, and will probably be the means of establishing regular meetings in the place.

Mr. Allen and myself are now at the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting. When we leave this place we shall proceed direct to New Hampshire. So everywhere the good work is spreading, the angel-world drawing nearer to us every day, seeking every opening channel through which they may pour out their inspiration. And the dear old Banner, always the friend of mediums, gives us the privilege of visiting the west and east coast through which many sail ships of Paradise laden with messages of love from brighter spheres. I hope you will ever meet with good success in your noble work."

**Michigan.**

**FORT HURON.**—N. B. Starr writes: "God bless the Banner of Light for the many stand it has taken in defence of the poor, persecuted media of our day, who are being subjected to the accusations of impostors and charlatans, whose every action demonstrates that they know no more of the laws of spirit control than a Hot-tent knows of the integral calculus."

**New York.**

**WESTFIELD.**—Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing writes us as follows concerning the suspicious appearances sometimes observable at séances for the materialization phenomena: "Had I seen the first time at Mrs. Seaver's in Boston what I saw the last time, and had gone away without the supreme test I received, I should have thought her sittings unreliable. The circle was large and inharmonious; the day foggy, and every spirit that presented itself looked exactly like Mrs. Seaver. I had held my spirit baby in my arms there, I had seen and conversed with a friend who passed away in Wheeling, Va., I had severed locks of hair from the heads of materialized spirits, sealed them up in envelopes, and in a few days found nothing but dust there. So many things were going on, that I was nearly frantic when I felt a suspicion that she was personating, but when I was called to the aperture I opened the curtain and looked in, and there sat the medium

under control, and a facsimile of the medium at the aperture! So I have made up my mind, as have many others, that oftentimes the demonstrations are only the echo of the circle, and that the deep desire to prove a humbug on the part of attending skeptics often brings to pass those unpleasant resemblances, and that the circle, at some times so great in the circle that mediums are unconsciously drawn into the snare, and led to personate from its very influence over them."

**Pennsylvania.**

**ATLANS.**—Mrs. T. R. Davis, in renewing her subscription to the Banner of Light, after taking exceptions to Mr. Poole's articles on "Trance Mediumship," says: "We should sustain our mediums—not injure them in word or deed. They are called by the spirit world to do their work in this world. The 'trance speakers' are wholly in the hands of the invisible, so when we blame them we should remember we are throwing blame on the inhabitants of the higher life who come to teach. Each one teaches what he believes to be truth, laying no claim to infallibility."

**CONNEAUTVILLE.**—Abbie R. Skinner writes: "I saw, in the Banner of Light of April 6th, the spirit message of Prof. George N. Allen, formerly of Oberlin, O. I practiced music under his instruction some time, and know his message to be characteristic of him, and have heard him speak of those identical experiences."

**Ohio.**

**MANTUA.**—A. Underhill writes: "The yearly meeting of the Spiritualists of this section of the Western Reserve was held on Sunday, Aug. 4th, in a beautiful grove at this place. It was a fine day, and the people turned out almost en masse. Though in a rural district, it was estimated that about two thousand persons were present. The once Rev. A. J. Fishback was the principal speaker, and was listened to with the deepest interest, as he unfolded the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, as well as the teachings of those who came from the other shore. Mr. Fishback is a gentleman of education, an orator, and fully comprehends the magnitude of the subject. Few men are better fitted for the rostrum, by their acquirements, and full-souled devotion to the cause they espouse. The meeting was a decided success. Mr. Fishback is speaking every Sunday to large audiences, at Warren, O., at Newton Falls, at Garrettsville, and will be at Mantua Station the first Sunday in September. He is engaged for six months, to speak in the places named."

**Connecticut.**

**POQUONOCK.**—T. M. Holcomb writes as follows: "The spiritualism published in your issue of July 27th, from Lilla, addressed to 'Grandma and Grandpa Clark,' and also one published some weeks since addressed to 'Uncle Theron and Aunt Hortie,' are recognized by many of her friends and associates in this place as coming from my wife's niece, Lillie A. Miller, who 'passed on' some eight years ago, as being true and eminently characteristic of her. I will also say that the messages which have been published from time to time for the past two or three years, signed 'Frances,' 'Bernard' and 'Frank,' are true and characteristic in every respect. She was a sister-in-law of the writer's, and well known in this vicinity as an earnest and active worker in the cause of Spiritualism for several years before passing on."

**PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.**

**Spiritual Camp-Meeting.**

The Spiritualists of Western New York will hold their Annual Camp-Meeting at Lilla, on the island in Cassadaga Lake, on the Dunkirk and Warren Railroad, in Chautauque Co., N. Y., commencing Friday, Sept. 28th, and continuing ten days. Speakers engaged for the term: Mrs. Watson, Titusville, Pa.; Mrs. Pearl, of the West; Mr. O. P. Kellogg, of Ohio; Judge McCormick, of La. Geo. W. Taylor, and others. We expect a materializing medium from Ohio, and other test mediums will be in attendance. Arrangements to meet at Cassadaga will be made by taking a fee of ten cents admission daily to the grounds. Per Order Committee Arrangements.

**Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference.**



## New York Advertisements.

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[illegible]

All who are desirous of testing my power in this direction can do so by sending me a lock of hair with their own hand-writing, giving age and sex. I ask for no hint as to symptoms unless there be an external sore eruption, when it should be simply stated for reasons given in my Circular, which I will send to anyone on receipt of a three-

Many persons are so ignorant of the laws of psychology and the uses of the mind that they are easily deceived by the "tricks" which have been handled by magicians. This should not be done, as it renders the hair utterly unreliable as an index of the physical condition of the person sending it. It is not a safe basis for diagnosis, and it is not a safe basis for symptoms. At the same time, the success of my diagnosis depends largely upon the entire *positivity* of my own mind. If symptoms

In addition to this remarkable intuitive power, I possess the advantage of a thorough scientific medical education. I have given an immense amount of research to pathology and the materials of medicine, having for several years occupied the chair of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

ties as Professor of those branches in a New York Medical College. My opportunities of perfecting myself in my profession, both at home and abroad, have been unrivalled. And finally, I claim to be guided and controlled in my mission to suffering humanity by a wise spirit-physician, who, when I was a young student of Divinity at Harvard College, as ignorant as a child of all medical matters, per-

As my health will not admit of my leaving in general practice, I can take only chronic cases. For this reason I have been obliged to refer to the medical literature, and, in writing, to be very verbose, because by so doing, I can reach a large class of sufferers who otherwise would know nothing of me. I have, therefore, written in a very simple, and, I think, in the most interesting manner, all the worst forms of Blood Disease, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Chorea, and all forms of Nervous Disease. All Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, and all cases that assail the system, and all the various forms of Rheumatism, even to those of a cancerous nature, and all those innumerable evils that come under the head of General Debility.

In proof of these claims, I append extracts from a few only of the hundreds of testimonials I have in my possession.

"I feel that I owe it to my suffering humanity to relate what you have done for me."

You will remember what a terrible condition I was in when I came under your skillful care—a most distressing bladder disease, cancerous formations in both breasts, and other grave troubles I may not name. As I gave up all hope of life, I tied upon my little family wife feelings such as God only knows. My friends and neighbors all believed that I could stay in the form but a short time. But, thanks to you, I am rejoiced to be in a condition of health that

"I was treated for two years by different physicians, all doing me no good. I had been told that I could never get my strength back, and I felt that I would like to proclaim the great good you have done me. My hands are strong, my feet are clear, my nerves baby hot, when nearly two years ago, I could never sit nor stand. "You can never raise the dead," was the voice of all. In angel-steps I rise, such as only a mother could give her child. I am now able to walk and make him a healthy, hearty boy. Most wonderfully did you keep that promise, the accomplishment of all.

"I thank you very much for what you have done every summer for years has threatened his life. Other members of my family on have raised from death's door, and strange to say I have in very looked upon your face."

A lock of hair has been the simple attractive power that has brought into my household your almost magic skill.

Mrs. EDITH HANCOCK, Stratton, Pa.

I came under your treatment, and to the amazement of everybody I began to recover.

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